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A Stranger in the Pew.

Poor little Bessie! She tossed back her curls,
And, though she is often the sweetest of girls,
This was something she couldn't and wouldn't endure;
'Twas the meanest, most impolite act, she was sure,
And a thing, she declared, that she never would do;
To go to church where one didn't belong,
Then walk down the aisle like the best in the throng,
And seat one's self plump in another one's pew.

Humph! Didn't her father own his out and out,
And didn't they fill it up full, just about,
When mamma and papa, and herself and the boys,
Were seated? And didn't their boots make a noise
In moving along to make room for a stranger?
And wasn't it cool, with the brazenest face,
To expect at each hymn pa would find out the place
(If Ben didn't, or Bob, but there wasn't much danger)?

With such feelings at heart, and their print on her face,
Last Sunday our Bessie hatched out of her "place"
To make room for a girl, very shabby and thin,
Who had stood in the aisle till mamma asked her in.
The poor little thing tried her best not to crowd;
And Bessie, forgetting, soon had the mishap
To slip from her drowsiness into a nap,
From which she awakened by crying aloud.

Poor Bessie sat upright, with cheeks all aflame
At sleeping in church, and we felt for her shame;
But 'twas strange at the close of the service to see
Our Bessie, now gentle as gentle could be,
Take the hand of the shabby young girl in the pew,
And walk with her out of the church with a smile
That shone through the tears in her eyes all the while,
And brightened her face with a radiance new.

"Good-by," whispered Bessie at parting, "and mind
Our pew's forty-five, with a pillar behind."
Then she stole to her mother: "Oh, mother, I dreamed
Such a curious dream; 'I was no wonder I screamed.
I thought I was sitting in church in this dress,
With a girl like a beggar-child right in our pew—
We were sitting alone on the seat, just we two—
And I felt more ashamed than you ever could guess;

"When, all in a moment, the music grew loud,
And on it came floating a beautiful crowd;
They were angels, I knew, for they joined in the song,
And all of them seemed in the church to belong,
Slowly and brightly they sailed through the air;
The rays from the window streamed crimson and blue,
And lit them in turn as their forms glided through;
I could feel their soft robes passing over my hair.

One came to my side. Very sadly she said,
'There's a stranger in here.' I lifted my head,
And looked at the poor, shabby girl with disdain.
'Tis not she,' said the angel; 'the haughty and vain
Are the strangers at church. She is humble and true.'
Then I cried out aloud, and the minister spoke,
And just as they floated away I awoke,
And there sat that dear little girl in our pew!"

For the Myrtle.

Janey.

PART I.



HAD in my
childhood, a
dear little friend,
named, Janey
Havill. Shew as
a little girl in
whom Mrs. Read, a friend
of ours took a great in-
terest, from knowing the
circumstances of her life,
and having been acquaint-
ed with her mother when
the latter was in early
youth, and living in com-
parative wealth. I think
that Janey's family had a

small pension to depend upon for its support, but
I know that Mrs. Havill contributed all that she
could earn by means of her needle, in the few
spare minutes that her watchful and tender care
of her invalid husband left to her.

Janey was the skillful helper, the gentle attend-
ant round her father's chair or couch, and the
wise counsellor of her brother, a boy who was
employed as messenger in some office in the city.

Janey had never been a child like other chil-
dren, though her heart was the abode of childish
innocence, cheerfulness, love and of angelic
meekness. Janey used sometimes to stay on
visits at Mrs. Read's for several weeks at a time,
and it was on one of these occasions that my
mother first saw her, and took a great liking to
her, and invited her to spend a few days with us
before she returned to her own home.

Janey and I became very much attached to one another. She was a well behaved, prettily speaking child, with a sweet, noble countenance, fair skin, full blue eyes, and light auburn hair. "A whole some looking child" as my mother had said when yielding to my urgent request that Janey might be allowed to share my little bed. Every morn- she would awake with a smile, and after we had kissed each other we would have a game of romps until we disturbed those in the next room. At night we were fond of lying awake and relating extraordinary adventures, and once when Janey, who was the soul of truth, with her soft lisping voice had been telling me something that appeared to me to be somewhat incredible, I was overheard to say "Janey, I will not say that you are telling untruths, but I must say that your language is quite apocryphous! (apocryphal)."

We spent our days in play, and in reading aloud, usually taking a volume of "Punch" out into the garden and reading "Mrs. Caudle's curtain lectures," Thackeray's papers on "Snobs" and other articles by Douglas Jerrold, or Gilbert & Beckett. One bond of sympathy between us was that Janey always laughed just at what I considered the right points. Sometimes too we would look over a publication of George Cruikshank's called "The Bottle," the repulsively life-like illustrations of which were to us full of hideous and mysterious suggestiveness.

Whenever we accompanied my mother on a shopping expedition, whatever was bought for me was also bought for Janey, and I particularly remember her delight at a little blue silk parasol, and some aprons that were exactly like mine. It was easy to see, from the way in which she referred to the pleasure she knew her mother would feel on seeing them, that she was fully aware that it was so much expense saved for her, but withal, there was nothing grasping or selfish about Janey.

I had often entreated to be taken to see the Thames Tunnel of which I had read in the "Penny Magazine," but to no effect, until sometime after Janey's return home, when my mother, who had always felt a great curiosity to see that busy and unaristocratic part of London on the other side of the Thames, called "the Borough," made arrangements to go there with Mrs. Read and myself, and call on the Havills who lived near there, first however, taking me to see the Thames Tunnel at Wapping.

I have a dim recollection of Wapping as smell-

ing of fish, and tar, and a thousand indescribable and unpleasant odors. Inside the tunnel the walls were stained with damp, and within the arches there were weird looking women who kept stalls of fancy articles, lit by jets of gas. They continually held out span ornaments, and goblet shaped affairs through which you could discern a magnified and highly colored picture of the "Thames Tunnel," and they cried out "Please to buy a remembrancer of the Thames Tunnel." "Come ladies, won't you buy? Here's a carved tape measure and needle case, or a winder, all with the same words written inside a beautiful wreath, 'A present from the Thames Tunnel.'" Then there was a barrel organ, played by steam, I believe, and there were some paintings. It was very curious to know that you had been walking beneath the river, and very interesting to be informed of the manner in which the tunnel had been built, and of the contingent difficulties and dangers, but it was pleasant to go out of the damp, mouldy smell, and feeble gas lights, into the sunny air.

I think that then we must have gone up the river in a steamboat, and landed at London Bridge. That part of the Borough, or rather that part near the Borough where the Havills resided was much further than what Mrs. Read, who sometimes rode there, had calculated upon, and although we asked our way at the shops where we bought some groceries and other things to take to Mrs. Havill, we lost ourselves twice, and we soon began to lose our interest in the queer looking street and people and the busy traffic of the roads, in the fatigue we felt, and I was crying piteously when we arrived at the Havills' house.

I remember that it was a very small one, with no railings in front, and that the narrow street door was painted with dark green, and had neither bell-handle or knocker. I asked, in a low voice, "Mamma, does Janey live in such a house as this? Is she so very, very poor?"

"Yes my dear, and I hope you will love her all the more for it."

On our rapping, the door was opened by a truly elegant though humbly attired woman, who looked like a grown up Janey. She recognized Mrs. Read and my mother and smiled on me, and showed us into the parlor where sat her invalid husband. I remember the expression of his face, the shape of the bureau, the chintz covered chairs, and the beautiful miniature of an old

gentleman with a ruffled shirt bosom, which seemed too good for the room. This was Janey's grandfather who had died long ago.

Mrs. Read said to Mrs. Havill that we had come to take Janey away for a week or two, if quite agreeable and convenient, and that we were feeling so worn out and faint with walking and sight seeing, that we should beg to be allowed to share the family tea, and have a long rest. Mrs. Havill seemed very much pleased to hear this, and seeing how tired and dusty we were, asked us to come up stairs and have a refreshing wash, and lie down till tea was ready, but as I was the only who one wanted to lie down, I was taken into Janey's little room. It had been newly papered, and there were two or three pictures that I had given her, pinned to the wall. The little bed had a pretty patch-work quilt, the first I had ever seen. On the mantel piece were a plaster image of the "Infant Samuel," and several tiny china figures. A sparrow was hopping about in a wooden cage by the window. Janey was expected in every moment from a neighbor's, but I was too tired to be able to keep awake. However, I had slept but a short time when Janey's kiss awoke me, and after she had made me accept one of the tiny images (a Prussian soldier which I have now), and had told me how she had bought the sparrow of a man in the street, thinking that it was a goldfinch, and how the yellow color had come off the first time it took a bath, we went down stairs together.

We found the table set. The cups and saucers were white, with raised lavender colored roses, shamrocks, and thistles, and the tea tray (a present from Thomas to his mother) though rather small, had on it a painting of a windmill, an old castle, an abbey, a cottage a May pole with people dancing round it, a water-fall, a boat, and some fishermen, besides very pink and blue mountains in the distance. The perspective must have been amazing.

Janey had already been to buy muffins and crumpets, and now she sat toasting them with a long brass handled toasting-fork, whilst the kettle sang musingly, and a tortoise-shell cat with two kittens sat purring in my lap. How I did enjoy the repast! Whilst we were in the midst of it a man came by with a basket on his head calling out, "Winks! Periwinks! Here's yer fine fresh winks, only a penny a pint, fine winks!"

"Do you like them?" asked Janey.

"Like what?"

"Why, periwinkles."

"I never tasted any."

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Janey with a look of astonishment, whereupon Mrs. Havill gave her some money from the mantelpiece, and told her to go and stop the man and get some. After Janey got a deep dish she rushed to the street door, and soon we heard her calling out.

"Periwinkles! Mr. Periwinkles! please to come over here, si'."

We heard the man say as he measured out the periwinkles into her dish with a great rattling, "You've got company, I spose, Miss."

Janey replied, "Yes sir, two grown up ladies, and a little girl who never tasted periwinkles."

"Lord bless my soul Miss, you don't say so! I never heard of such a thing. Is—it—poss-a-ble?"

"Yes sir, it is quite true."

When she came in, we all laughed at her, and asked, "Is—it—poss-a-ble?"

I felt as I first gazed upon that snail-like shell-fish, the periwinkles, that I never could bring myself to partake of it, but not liking to disappoint Janey who showed me how to take the fish out of its shell with a pin in a corkscrew fashion "to prevent its breaking off short," I made a great effort, and swallowed one and thought that I liked the taste. The second one confirmed that opinion, and soon I ate them with as much enjoyment as did Janey. But from the peculiar smiles that my mother and Mrs. Read interchanged, I somehow formed the impression that periwinkle eating was considered as rather a ridiculous affair, and that the periwinkle was not exactly what might be termed a genteel article of diet

Clelia Lega Weeks.

Sowing and Reaping.


HAT we sow
 Will surely grow,
 Though the harvest may be slow!
 It may be
 We shall see
 Fruitage in Eternity,
 From some deed
 Dropped like seed,
 For a soul that was in need!
 Let us strive,
 While we live,
 Worth things to do and give;
 Striving still
 With good will
 Empty granaries to fill;
 For what we sow
 Will surely grow,
 Though the harvest may be slow!



Trust.

A S a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own ;
 Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
 Fears to stir a step alone.
 Let me thus with Thee abide
 O my Father, Guard and Guide.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide
 Calmly to Thy wisdom leave.
 'Tis enough that *Thou* wilt care ;
 Why should I the burden bear ?

For the Myrtle.



The Thermometer.

MOTHER!" cried out little Lucy noisily; "what is the Fah., on the thermometer for?"

"To make little girls ask questions."

Lucy had the house-full of company that afternoon and they had been allowed to take the thermometer to play with, very carefully. Of course they had spied the Fah., and they all wanted to know about it.

"To make little girls ask questions," said Lucy's mother.

"Now Sarah," spoke up aunt Hattie, "that is the *meanest* answer, I think! Don't you remember how it used to make us feel when mother put us off with *that* answer? How is a little girl ever going to know anything unless she *does* ask questions, I should like to know?"

Lucy's mother laughed. "What with you and Lucy too, Hattie," she said, "my family government will be all upset. Things ought to be explained, I agree, but if you had to explain twenty times a day, *you'd* begin to think things were made for little girls to ask questions about. 'Here,' she called to the whole swarm of children, "go to aunt Hattie, and she'll tell you a whole story about it."

The little flock were soon gathered around aunt Hattie, who had the thermometer in her hand. "What is the Fah., for? you want to know," she said. "First, what is the thermometer for?"

"It's to tell how warm it is."

"Yes."

"What do they call it such a long word for?" asked Clara.

"Sure enough," said aunt Hattie, "does anybody know?"

Nobody knew.

That long word is made from two words—that just mean "to tell how warm," said aunt Hattie. "Thermo means heat, meter means a measure. You know it says in the Bible 'with what measure ye *mete*.' This is the same word. Thermometer,—a measure of heat or warmth,—do you see? Only when we put it together we pronounce it thermom-eter."

Yes, they understood the name.

"Now the next question is, *How* does it measure heat?"

"With a little knitting-needle!" shouted Fred.



"By the figures on the side," said Clara.

"Yes, you are both right," said Aunt Hattie smiling. "The knitting-needle, as Fred calls it, stops even with the figure that tells how warm it is. But what makes the knitting-needle go up and down?"

As nobody answered, Aunt Hattie put another question; "What *is* the knitting-needle?"

"Oh, I know," said Lucy. "It's mercury, and it goes up and down in the hollow tube. The little ball at the bottom is full of mercury."

"That's so," said Aunt Hattie. "This little bulb is full of mercury or quicksilver, and the little hollow tube runs up from it. There is nothing in it, not even air, only when the mercury goes up. Now what makes the mercury go up higher when it is warm than when it is cold? I will tell you."

"You know how hard the door opens sometimes when the weather is wet. What makes it?"

"It swells," said Oliver. "Mother always says 'the door has swelled,' when it sticks so."

"Yes," said Aunt Hattie, "the dampness makes it swell. And under the kitchen stove you know the floor is all cracked. That is because the boards have shrunk by getting so dry. Well, that is the way with the mercury. Only the mercury swells when it is warm, and shrinks when it is cold. As the little bulb is all shut up tight and full of mercury, there is nothing for it

to do when it swells a little, but be pushed up in the empty tube; and when it shrinks, of course it goes down. And that is the way the little knitting-needle of mercury in the tube is longer or shorter with the change in heat or cold."

Aunt Hattie now held the thermometer close to the stove, and when they looked again the little knitting-needle was away up, almost to the top. So they saw the truth of what she said.

"But that doesn't tell us about the Fah.," said Lucy.

"I am coming to that now," said Aunt Hattie. "You see it was one thing to find out that mercury would swell when it was warm, and another to find out just *how much* it would swell. They had to find that out, before they could make a thermometer of it; that is before they could make it 'a measure of heat.' Sir Isaac Newton was the first one, I believe, to find this out. But the first man who made a thermometer like this was a German, and his name was Fahrenheit. I'll spell it for you. Now do you see what the Fah., means?"

"Name of the man that made it!" cried Fred. "Just as the man that makes a picture puts his name down in the corner."

"Exactly so," said Aunt Hattie. "And now if you'll wait just one moment more I'll tell you a little about the figures."

The children were still interested, and Aunt Hattie continued. "Of course they had to have a point where to begin and another where to leave off, and then divide the space between. These two must be always alike, and the first must be quite cold and the last quite hot. Now there was nothing so simple and always alike as to take the point where water freezes and the point where water boils. The best thermometers are made so. Mr. Reaumer made one in which he divided the distance the little 'knitting-needle' rose, between where water freezes and where it boils, into 80 parts, so the freezing point is at zero, and the boiling point at 80 degrees. Then degrees are marked above and below, just as in music you have notes above and below the staff. There is another called the Centigrade, that is better still."

"I know what that means,—centum, a hundred," recited Fred, in schoolboy fashion.

"Yes," said Aunt Hattie, "the centigrade thermometer is made to have just a hundred degrees between the freezing and boiling points; and of course each degree is a little smaller than

in Mr. Reaumer's. Now in this Fahrenheit thermometer" continued Aunt Hattie, "the degrees are smaller still. There are 180 between the freezing and boiling points."

"But the freezing point isn't at zero," said Fred, who had been examining it. "See! it's away up at 32 degrees. There's where it says 'freezing point.'"

"That is the odd thing about this thermometer," said Aunt Hattie. "Instead of putting his zero at the point where water freezes, and making degrees of cold below, Mr. Fahrenheit thought he would begin at the coldest point he could find. There are things colder than ice, you know. How do you freeze ice-cream?"

"Put ice and salt around the cans," cried Lucy, for she had seen it done.

"Well, that is just what Mr. Fahrenheit did. He mixed pounded ice and salt, and thought he had found the lowest degree of cold that could be made. It was 32 of his degrees below the point of freezing water. So he fixed his zero there, and that brought the boiling point up to 212 degrees, as you see. So while the others are water thermometers, this is a kind of ice-cream thermometer," said Aunt Hattie, smiling.

All the while the children had been studying the little figures on the plate and saw they were marked as she said. But when she called it an ice-cream thermometer they all laughed and thought it a funny idea.

"Now do you think Mr. Fahrenheit was right?" asked Aunt Hattie. "Is anything ever colder than his zero-mark?"

"I never saw anything colder than ice-cream," said Lucy.

"Oh yes, indeed there is," cried Fred. "Sometimes in the winter the thermometer goes down to ten and twenty degrees below zero. Mr. Fahrenheit made a mistake, I think."

"He did," said Aunt Hattie, "a very foolish mistake. So you see great people make mistakes as well as little ones."

The children set the thermometer carefully up on the mantel, and looked to see how warm the room was, by the little knitting-needle. "If it should be down to zero to-morrow morning, we musn't say it's cold as ice, must we?" said Lucy.

"No," said Fred, "we must say, 'it's as cold as—ice-cream!'"

H. A. B.

◆◆◆◆◆

WHOSO despiseth the day of small things will never attain to great things.



Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON LIII.—PAUL.

Question.—What encouragement did God give to St. Paul, after he was safe within the castle again?

Answer.—Acts xxiii. 11.

Q.—Where did he tell him he should bear witness to the truth?

A.—Acts xxiii. 11.

Q.—What did some of the Jews do the next day?

A.—Acts xxiii. 12.

Q.—How many took this vow?

A.—Acts xxiii. 13.

Q.—What did they urge the chief priests to request of the chief captain?

A.—Acts xxiii. 15.

Q.—What were they ready to do as soon as Paul should be brought into the council chamber?

A.—Acts xxiii. 15.

Q.—What relative of St. Paul heard of this conspiracy against him?

A.—Acts xxiii. 16.

Q.—What did he do with his information?

A.—Acts xxiii. 16.

Q.—What did St. Paul request a centurion to do with his nephew?

A.—Acts xxiii. 17.

Q.—Did the centurion comply with St. Paul's wishes?

A.—Acts xxiii. 18.

Q.—How did the chief captain receive him?

A.—Acts xxiii. 19.

Q.—What did he report to the chief captain?

A.—Acts xxiii. 20.

Q.—What did he urge the chief captain not to do?

A.—Acts xxiii. 21.

Q.—When St. Paul's nephew left the chief captain, what charge was given him?

A.—Acts xxiii. 22.

Q.—How many soldiers did the chief captain order ready to escort St. Paul safely to Caesarea, the residence of the governor?

A.—Acts xxiii. 23.

NOTE. Caesarea is about 70 miles from Jerusalem. And the large escort shows that the commander determined that St. Paul should be absolutely safe.

Q.—What did the commander write to Felix, the governor?

A.—Acts xxiii. 25-30.

Q.—At what time was the escort to be ready to start?

A.—Acts xxiii. 23.

NOTE. At nine P. M.

Q.—What did the foot soldiers do, the next day?

A.—Acts xxiii. 32.

Q.—When the governor had read the letter, did he order St. Paul to be confined in prison?

A.—Acts xxiii. 35.

Q.—At what time did Felix say he would give the Apostle trial?

A.—Acts xxiii. 35.

Enigma.

I am composed of eight letters.
 God on my seventh my first did bring.
 My third to teach unto the king;
 My fourth performed some cunning tricks.
 My second changing to my sixth;
 My fifth in Egypt seek at home,
 And afterward my eight become.
 I should always be performed.

Answer.

MARCH 21. Leaves.

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For Sunday School Concerts.

The following piece will be found especially appropriate for the Sunday School concert now that the churches are in the midst of such a glorious Temperance Revival.

THE TEETOTALER AND TIPPLER.

- Tippler.* Good evening my friend! I've a shilling to spend,
Right glad in my heart I'm to meet you;
Many months since we met, and a drop we must get,
For I'm longing, old fellow, to treat you.
- Teetotaler.* I thank you, indeed, very much, Mr. Reid,
And I gladly return your greeting;
But excused I must be—for no stronger than tea
Have I used since our very last meeting
- Tippler.* Pooh! pooh! man you're mad; but my manners, egad
I'm forgetting, my dear Mr. Cottle;
Yet I know you're in jest, for you once were the best
Of all fellows to empty a bottle.
- Teetotaler.* Of bottle and glass, I have emptied, alas!
As many as most of my neighbors,
And for years never swerved from the devil I served
But poor was the pay for my labors.
- Tippler.* Well, well, I believe you are right, but, I grieve
That to drink a friend's health you're unwilling,
For you once were a friend ever ready to spend
On another your very last shilling.
- Teetotaler.* It is true, Mr. Reid, but it makes my heart bleed,
To recall it, for while I was drinking,
My children and wife—now the joy of my life—
With hunger full often were sinking.
- But Heaven be praised! the poor drunkard is raised
From his squalor and self degradation;
And now my sweet cot is as happy a spot
As you'll find anywhere in the nation.
- My wife, she can tell it's no longer a hell
Upon earth, as my cruelty made it,
When, maddened by drink, I compelled her to think,
As I entered, all hell did invade it.
- My children ne'er fly at the flash of my eye,
As often they did with their mother,
But welcome me home, as if angels had come
To rejoice over a penitent brother.
- Now, dear Mr. Reid, say is *this* not a meed
Rich enough for the total abstainer,
Who the poisonous cup of the drunkard gives up,
If in no other way he were gainer.
- But a thousand rewards, besides this he records
In his heart every day of the seven,
While crowning all these is a conscience at ease,
And a hope of a home yet in heaven.
- The tempter was dumb, but invited to come
Spend the day with his friend—was set thinking;
And though plain was the fare that he feasted on there
Ever after, he vowed against drinking.
- Everything was so neat, and the greeting so sweet
He received at the cottage of Cottle,
He frankly confessed, that to welcome a guest,
Hospitality needs not a bottle.

SCRIPTURE CITIES.

[Let nineteen scholars stand, each one being provided with a letter.]

- S.
- First Scholar* A city of a king and priest, that some men
thought was Shem?
Nineteenth. Melchisedek in Salem dwelt, which is Jerusalem.
- E.
- Second.* A city where Paul fought with beasts; where stood a
temple fair?
Eighteenth. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus; Diana's shrine
was there.
- A.
- Third.* A city whence Apollos came, mighty and eloquent?
Seventeenth. From Alexander came he, where St. Mark
preaching went.
- R.
- Fourth.* A city where, by Festus sent, Paul in chains had come?
Sixteenth. Festus to Cæsar sent St. Paul, and Cæsar reigned
at Rome.
- C.
- Fifth.* A city where Paul at his craft, that was tentmaking,
wrought?
Fifteenth. At Corinth through the week he worked, and on the
Sabbath taught.
- H.
- Sixth.* A city from which Abram sought the land the Lord fore-
told?
Fourteenth. From Haran he with Sarai went, when he was
very old.
- T.
- Seventh.* A city where St. Paul was born, where he for safety
went?
Thirteenth. To Tarsus, lest he should be slain, the brethren
St. Paul sent.
- H.
- Eighth.* A city whereto Abram came, for Sarah's loss to weep?
Twelfth. In Hebron Abram buried her, when Sarah fell
asleep.
- E.
- Ninth.* A city near a wilderness, where Jesus went away?
Eleventh. In the small city Ephraim, once Jesus chose to stay.
- S.
- Tenth.* A wicked city of the plain, in one sad day that fell?
Tenth. Sodom, that wicked city was, where Lot had gone to
dwell.
- C.
- Eleventh.* A city at whose marriage feast Jesus was called to be?
Ninth. Jesus, and Mary, too, were at Cana, of Galilee.
- R.
- Twelfth.* A city where St. Paul once touched, as he from Coos
sails?
Eighth. From Coos comes he with straight course to Rhodes,
with favoring gales.
- I.
- Thirteenth.* A city where Paul and Barnabas both seeking rest
had come?
Seventh. They shake the dust from off their feet, and seek In-
nium.
- P.
- Fourteenth.* A city where Lydia heard Paul the Christian story
tell?
Sixth. Phillippi was the place where she her purple came to
sell.
- T.
- Fifteenth.* A city from which Solomon, Hiram the artist brought?
Fifth. From Tyre he came, to work in brass, and wondrous
pillars wrought.
- U.
- Sixteenth.* A city whence Abram came, obeying God's com-
mands?
Fourth. Ur, of the Chaldees, was the place among the pasture
lands.
- R.
- Seventeenth.* A city where Samuel died, when he was full of
years?
Third. At Ramah, there they buried him, lamenting him with
tears.
- E.
- Eighteenth.* A city that once heard a song sung by the host of
heaven?
Second. Ephrath was the city's name, to Bethlehem oft given.
- S.
- Nineteenth.* A city of Samaria, wherein was Jacob's well?
First. Sychar the city was. Now read what all the cities tell.
In Concert. See the initials of our names, and let them silent
speak;
This is what you and we must do when Scripture truth we seek.